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The New Police Commissioner.

The generally understood reason for the change in the Police Department is that Mayor Mitchell wanted "his own man" at the head of it and Mr. McKay was a holdover from the last administration. No other explanation would account for the change. Mr. Woods does not promise to be any better man than Mr. McKay. They are men of somewhat the same type, both young, clean and honorable. Both have had some experience in the Police Department, chiefly as Deputy Commissioners, while Mr. McKay has also had some as Commissioner since the retirement of Mr. Waldo. He has served well in that capacity amid trying circumstances, for it was generally understood that he was acting merely as a stop gap until Mayor Mitchell could obtain Colonel Goethals as Commissioner, or some one else if this proved impossible. The most difficult situation that arose during his service as Commissioner, the I. W. W. trouble, he handled with good judgment. He leaves office possessing the general respect of the community.

If Mr. McKay was to go Mr. Woods was probably as good a man as Mayor Mitchell was likely to get to succeed him. With the refusal of the Legislature to give the Police Commissioner a free hand, the hope of obtaining a great administrator like Colonel Goethals went glimmering. Mayor Mitchell had his choice between naming some one who had made a moderate success in business or in a profession and who had no knowledge of police affairs and naming some one already experienced. He has wisely decided to appoint a Commissioner who already knows the ropes in the Police Department.

Mr. Woods is going up against the hardest job in the entire city government. His hands are tied. His term of office is too short. Amid these difficulties he deserves the support of all good citizens.

Mr. Burton's Retirement.

Senator Burton's announcement that he will not seek a re-election will cause sincere regret. Public men of his type are unfortunately rare. Not a self-seeker, not an advertiser, not a mere floater on the tides of popularity, he has come to the front at Washington through honest work and genuine public service. His disinterestedness and fair-mindedness have won him the respect of his colleagues of all parties.

In the House of Representatives Mr. Burton devoted many years to the task of bringing order and intelligence into the system of voting appropriations for rivers and harbors. There was much hard work and little glory in store for a reformer experimenting along that line. Yet he persevered until his judgment on river and harbor appropriations was accepted on both sides of the House as just and final. He was largely instrumental in bridging over the chasm between the old log-rolling method of parceling out river and harbor perquisites and the new method of dealing with such improvements solely on their merits as units in a great scheme of national benefit.

On other questions—banking, currency, tariff and foreign relations—he has shown the same fairness and breadth of judgment. The fact that he has supported any cause has materially helped that cause. Even in the factional differences in Ohio, to which he refers in his statement as making his candidacy inadvisable, he exhibited admirable moderation and reasonableness. Men of his temper are needed in the Senate and in Republican councils. We hope that the party in Ohio will be able to convince Mr. Burton that he ought to reconsider his withdrawal and stand for renomination and reelection.

By Default.

With four-fifths to five-sixths of the people not voting, the state has decided to hold a constitutional convention. The majority in this city is so large that it is not likely to be overcome up in the state, from which election returns were slow in coming in last night.

The result must be a disappointment both to those in favor of holding a constitutional convention and to those opposed to it. It is a farce to have so important a question decided by a mere handful of the electorate. The figures furnish the best possible argument against holding a special election to decide such a question as this one. The people will not go to the polls for such a purpose. To insure the casting of a reasonable vote, such a referendum as this one should be held only at the time of a general election.

Mr. Underwood's Victory.

Mr. Underwood's victory in Alabama will be hailed as a happy vindication of the direct Senatorial election method. It is encouraging to know that in the first critical test since the popular election amendment to the federal Constitution became effective the people of an important state turned down a fustian sensationalist like Richmond P. Hobson for an intelligent moderate in politics like Oscar W. Underwood. In Alabama, however, the direct primary system is not new, and the people of the state would have departed strangely from their traditions if they had elected a man of Hobson's stamp and antecedents. John T. Morgan used to say with pride that his renomination by the direct method did not cost him a dollar, and Alabama has sent to the Senate since the time of Morgan and Pettus men of the grade of Johnston and Bankhead. Underwood continues their line and Hobson does not. To the Alabama mind that is a sufficient explanation of Underwood's victory.

As chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House Mr. Underwood now fills a larger place than he is likely to make for himself for some time to come in the Senate. He is a Southerner, born on the banks of the Ohio River and reared in the bracing atmosphere of Minnesota. His outlook is not severely sectional. His mental affiliations are with

the old-fashioned Southern Whigs rather than with the old-fashioned Southern Democrats. He is balanced and unexcitable, a serious and dependable worker. Though not indorsing his record in all details, the country will applaud his promotion—if such he considers it—and take courage from the triumph in Alabama of modest worth over noisy and self-vaunting demagogism.

Justice for the Gunmen.

Governor Glynn has done his duty with courage and a clear head. There is always sentimental sympathy for convicted murderers. There can always be created, as was created in the case of the four gunmen, a pretended ground for reconsideration. Governor Glynn has examined all these appeals with care and discovered their barrenness of truth and right. Therefore, he directs that justice take its course.

It is in the minds of all of us how much the city's self-respect and hope for the future depended on these cases. The morning of July 16, 1912, when Herman Rosenthal met his death, was a black day. Not one man but a city had been attacked, overwhelmed, left silent in a gutter. If such things could prevail justice was at an end and organized crime was the master of five millions of people.

Part of the city's effort to punish its betrayers met a check when the Court of Appeals, in its wisdom, granted a new trial to Charles Becker. Perhaps the greater part. But the punishment of the gunmen remains, and its lesson is a real one. The death of these four men will go far to publish to all concerned the strength of the city and its resolve to seek out and destroy its enemies.

Investigate the I. W. W. Clubbing.

It is to be hoped that Magistrate Freschi's suggestion for an official investigation of police methods in suppressing the I. W. W. parade last week will be followed. His hearing of the cases convinced him that the police assigned to duty at Union Square were as lawless in some instances as the I. W. W. people were in others. The police are sworn upholders of the law. It would be a serious thing for this community if they, in attempting to deal with the rag-tag collection of demagogues, zealots and unfortunates who are attached to this I. W. W. movement, should give any ground for the favorite statement that "conditions here are as bad as they are in Russia."

Some of these I. W. W. agitators advertise themselves as lawbreakers. This city has no sympathy for gangsters, whether they belong to the Hudson Dusters or the I. W. W. If the police are attacked it is as proper for them to defend themselves and enforce the law against an I. W. W. gangster as against one of "Chick" Tricker's followers from the East Side. But Mayor Mitchell's announcement of policy regarding police clubbing, reiterated yesterday, is unmistakable. It does not include promiscuous clubbing, even in a police sortie to break up an I. W. W. parade. If there has been police lawlessness and brutality the fact should be known and punishment given, just as there should be punishment for I. W. W. lawlessness.

Job Seeking in the Surrogates' Courts.

The Weide bill revising the business of the surrogates' courts in this state is a splendid bill for Governor Glynn to veto. It purports to "reform" the work handled under the jurisdiction of the surrogates. What it really would do, according to eminent lawyers, is to make this work more complicated and technical and so create a necessity for many more fat jobs in the surrogates' offices. One indication of its purpose and origin is the fact that it was commonly called the "McCoey bill," after the distinguished clerk of the Surrogate's Court in Kings County, much better known as "Murphy's section boss for Brooklyn."

Surrogate Fowler, of this county, said the other day that the surest way to judicial progress and practical economy would be to abolish the Surrogates' Court. This bill, if it became law, would emphasize the worst features of that office as it exists now. A committee of the Bar Association is on record against it and is preparing to send a protest against it to the Governor. That protest should be heeded rather than the desire of political manipulators to create new jobs and fill them at public expense.

An Exhibition of Ancient Nightmares.

This is, at times, a depressing word. Women's clothes do grow more beautiful and shapely. Architecture has come on rapidly. There is much to be thankful for. Yet—we pick up a mail order catalogue purveying art and the tools of life to a dozen sovereign states, or we wander into the lamp department of any store, or we run over some wall-papers, and we are plunged into gloom. No plush picture frame or brownstone front ever was more awful than some of these.

So we welcome as a just measure of progress and a cheering reminder of vanished nightmares the "Exhibition of Bad Taste" which begins this month. "A novel and entertaining exposition, the casket of domestic fine arts, comprising articles of home adornment chosen for their elegant and genteel quality," is the way the announcement runs. These charming phrases are culled from books on home decoration of bygone days, and so is the touchstone of the exhibition—a lovely object pictured in the notice of the show and enthusiastically described in a volume of 1889 by these few words:

GOOD IN EVERYTHING.

The home decorator who fully understands the variety and the possibilities of decorative art may be fitly said to comprehend the poet's meaning of "Sermons in stone, Lessons in running brooks And good in everything." For beneath her touch unweary objects gain grace and beauty. The pretty landscape is painted on a common, wayside stone, distinguished from thousands of others only by being unusually smooth and of an oval shape. Both oil and water colors may be used for such work. The easel is of wire. Sometimes such a stone after being painted upon has a semi-covering of plush drawn over it so as to form a rim or frame around the painting, and the easel is covered with plush of the same color.

Have you some particularly horrible horror in your home? Then you are just the person the exhibition needs. Family portraits in plush frames, wax flowers under glass, black walnut furniture, impossible statuettes, unbelievable vases—"no horror of household adornment can be so heartbreaking in color or form as not to be welcomed gladly," says the notice. A jury composed of such connoisseurs as Miss Elsie de Wolfe, Mr. Gelett Burgess and Mr. Will Irwin will pass upon the entries. And awards for the most glorious specimens will be made, as at every academy of art.

We hope the exhibition does its worst. There were awful years clustered about the Centennial of 1876, and the crimes done then in the name of decoration are bloodcurdling even in distant memory. Assembled at their topmost perfection for eyes to rest upon, they will make an optimist of the gloomiest and paint our whole town with new beauty.

The Conning Tower

April

William Watson

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears.

It is hard, immediately after reading Watson's lyric, to resist reprinting it. We find an excuse to run it every year, somehow. An ounce of it, to our constricted notion, is worth a ton of Ezra Pound and bards to his effect.

Not even the hotels and restaurants could get this city to take an interest in yesterday's election. Wherefore one imagines the result isn't momentous.

DIPPING INTO THE FUTURE.

Sir:—It's all W. J. B.'s fault. Until we had a skylarking Sec. of State, column conductors remained on the nest, and helped hatch out the wheezes. I see now what this thing is coming to—

From the Tower of Aug. 26th, 1917:

As the boss is to play in the finals of the Nat'l Tennis Tournament at Newport next week the col. will be conducted by the following:
MONDAY—Soph. Class, Purdue Univ.
TUESDAY—Dex Fellows and emp. R. & B. circus.
WEDNESDAY—Staff "The Parrot," New Rochelle High School.
THURSDAY—Employees C. B. & Q. Freight Yds, Kansas City, Mo.
FRIDAY—Inmates Home for the Aged, Herkimer, N. Y.
SATURDAY—Dotty Grimshaw's Kindergarten, Scranton, Pa.

It looks as though the winter wheat crop would be the largest in years, and the h. c. of I. is about to drop. Still, the expense of harvesting such a crop and moving it will be unusually great, so the cynical odds of 8 to 5 are offered that the c. of I. will not have the h. knocked out of it.

A man who was married by Mayor McClellan assures us that our police card, signed by Mr. McKay, is valid.

CRITIQUE

I am not cautious as to plays.
Most any show can win my praise—
Full any ancient jest on me
And I will chortle loud with glee,
But miserably I droop and fret
At Pierrot and Pierrette.
No matter what the kind of drummer,
I never am inclined to hammer—
Obsecance I will never refuse
To come or to tragic music
Provided they let the mite bestow
On Pierrette and Pierrot.

Let Dressler sing—I would not stop her—
And I can even laugh at Hopper;
I do not feel the wish to leave a
Tomato at Miss Tangway (Eva),
But any play my goat can get
With Pierrot and Pierrette.
Bring on your ogling vandervillians,
Your Blanches, Geraldines and Lillians,
I care not what they say or sing,
For I can stand for anything
Except the tedium of a show
With Pierrette and Pierrot.
Chastise me with the dullest play
That ever struck the Great White Way,
Serve me a thousand acts with not
A hint of charm or wit or plot—
But, oh! I wish the sun would set
On Pierrot and Pierrette!

ELGAR.

The strenuous dance is old stuff, as W. E. P. finds by giving the Odyssey the twice-over. Thus Nausicaa to Alcinoos: "Three are lusty bachelors, and these are always eager for new-washed garments wherein to go to the dances."

At a late hour last night the women of Chicago hadn't brought about the millennium. This is being pointed to proudly by anti-suff men, under whose wise direction cosmic perfection has been ours for so many years.

Dr. Leonard K. Hirschberg speaks of "annihilation at the hand of non-poisonous snakes." "In a stand-up fight between a harmless blacksnake and a whole nest of venomous rattlesnakes would not have a ghost of a show," he adds, and J. K. M. wants to live to see the unilateral combat.

A YEARN.

I wonder how those big guys feel who land whenever they will,
Like Bab and G. S. K., forinst; I wish I had their skill.
And Monty Flagg and Sindbad and R. W. H. L.
And Tapestry and Irvin Cobb; they always ring the bell.

While I, if I have sent in one, have sent in twenty squibs;
They didn't have the punch, I guess; they didn't strike his Nibs.
I've sent him pomes, I've sent him jokes, I've sent him typographs.
And once I sent a piece of prose, in which were several laughs.

No use! My stuff went in the zinc, not good nor bad enough.
I wish that I could strike, just once, the proper brand of buff.

My plans to be a lit'ry guy seem destined not to work.
Chagrined! Why, honestly, I almost envy Mary Burke.

A. P. W.

Fort Dodge, Ia., has, according to a town-boasting prospectus, "two colleges of instruction." The contr. who sends it in desires, one guesses, attention called to the redundancy. But Fort Dodge may have wanted people to know they weren't musical colleges.

Our Own Travelogues

Sir: Now that I am half way across the ocean, and listening to other travellers talk about previous trips, I have made me one resolve. When I get back to Broadway I am going to make myself horribly conspicuous by never once referring in an offhand way to having sat at the captain's table, don't y'know.

HOMER CROFT.

Of Honolulu, March 23.
The pre-baseball season is nearly a week old, and we haven't seen a single allusion to a base on balls as watchful waiting.

Along about midnight, the lastline, though it occupy but scant space, looms large and formidable. Macbeth knew the feeling.

"What!" said he, "Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?"

F. F. A.

SITTING IN THE GAME.



THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

FOR THE HONOR OF THE NATION

Former Senator Chandler Pleads That Our Treaty Be Upheld.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: It is true that for almost one hundred years England neglected her duty of friendship, sympathy and help toward her English-speaking offspring in the United States—as shown in Senator Lodge's "One Hundred Years of Peace," which should be read by every American. Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation opened British eyes and began to change British hearts. If it had not been for England the other great powers of Europe would have prevented the United States from liberating Cuba and the Philippines. England and the United States freed Central and South America from Spain and established the Monroe Doctrine, which England now stands ready to help the United States enforce. England is also in the present era of progress—the opening of the Panama Canal—engaged in giving a due measure of home rule to Ireland and uniting and strengthening her nation and making it as popular within itself as is our own great Republic within itself.

Is this a time for deliberately breaking a compact with England which has existed for seventy years and has culminated in its latest expression in 1909 by her surrender of her right to participate in the building of the isthmian canal and in the promise in unmistakable terms by the United States to build it and maintain it upon the principle of perfect equality for all the nations of the earth?

If we do thus break our sacred obligation we shall pay a fearful price. We shall establish the dangerous and degrading proposition that the United States will never make a treaty, however plainly and solemnly worded, that it will not instantly break whenever self-interest or popular clamor demands that the outrage be committed. The United States will continue in existence only as a dishonored nation whose solemn word to another nation can never be trusted and which will therefore be absolutely wholly without influence outside its own borders. What will then become of the Monroe Doctrine?

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.
Concord, N. H., April 6, 1914.

THE UNION SQUARE RIOT

An Eyewitness Accuses the Police of Wanton Brutality.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: May I be permitted to state in your columns that the report in this morning's papers gives an inadequate picture of yesterday's rather disgraceful scenes in Union Square? I am not a member of the I. W. W. and have no sympathy for that organization, but I am an American of Puritan ancestry, whose great-grandfather fought for liberty in the Revolutionary War, and it goes against the grain to witness our city of New York emulating the methods of the Russian Czar and becoming a suppressor of the right of popular assembly. Yesterday's meeting (which I came upon by accident) was a small one, except for the large number of policemen present, and perfectly orderly. My attention was first directed to a battery of movie picture machines at the right of the speakers' platform, on a scaffolding. They seemed to be waiting for something to happen.

The only other unusual aspect to the meeting was the fact that a number of the men and women present wore red cards in their hats announcing the postponement of an I. W. W. meeting from that date to a later one. I saw no banners of any kind.
A woman friend and I were standing quietly very near to the speakers' stand, listening to the Central Federation Union speakers on the Calumet controversy. Suddenly a heavy auto truck nearly ran us down. We ourselves had just time to jump out of the way, and the crowd was completely scattered. The police not only made no effort to stop the auto truck, which effectively broke up the meeting on the right side, but at the same moment a squad of mounted police charged the crowd on the left side and a group of police on foot started making indiscriminate arrests, accompanied by clubbing. As the police formed and counter formed

WARDEN CLANCY AND AFTER

What Our Prisons Need in Their Administrators.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: The resignation of James J. Clancy as warden of Sing Sing Prison is an event that has, for several reasons, unusual significance. Mr. Clancy has started with great candor the reasons that induced him to resign. The principal reason, as alleged by him in an interview reported in yesterday's press, was his lack of experience, and consequent ignorance of the work to be done. He says: "The warden should be selected from among the keepers or others who have had a large amount of experience. There is nothing more ridiculous than the selection of a man like myself, who has no such experience."

ELIZABETH DUTCHER.
23 Pierrepont st., Brooklyn, Palm Sunday, 1914.

MANUFACTURING SOCIALISTS

The Reflections of a Bystander in Union Square.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Permit me to congratulate you upon the only fair and reasonable editorial which I have thus far seen upon the alleged riots in Union Square last Saturday. I was present in the crowd during the whole of the disorder, and the only violence, either of language or action, which I observed was that of the police. Particularly was this true of the plainclothes men. On at least two occasions I saw a plainclothes man go up to a mere boy, who had already been placed under arrest and was being held by a policeman, and deliberately strike the culprit in the face. I also witnessed an assault upon a man who was passing at the time, when the plainclothes man ran from behind and struck him with his fist under the ear.

In my judgment—and I am not a member of any of the revolutionary organizations involved—several of the attacks made by the police constituted assault with intent to kill, and in none that I witnessed was there any adequate occasion for such action. Lawlessness is an abhorrent thing, but when it is engaged in by the sworn guardians of the peace it becomes intolerable. What shall we say, then, of the plainclothes men who shouted to the officer about to make an arrest, "Run the fellow—run," and similar expressions?

One incident of the whole afternoon impressed me a good deal. An American, judging from his face and speech, stood rubbing his hands with satisfaction.
"This is fine," he said; "this is fine! Every time the cops start to beat the people up it just makes more Socialists. Yes, sir; I hope they'll keep it up. This sort of thing makes more Socialists all the time, and after a while that's what we'll all be."
G. F. M.
Columbia University, April 6, 1914.

TO CY WARMAN

A Fellow Craftsman Pays Tribute to His Memory.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: He was the sort of chap you'd like to meet when luck had passed you by. Or when your fortune soared on high; The best of fellows on the pike.
Was Cy.
No matter what your mood might be, He'd twinkle with his steel-gray eye And all your troubles soon would fly— The king of optimists was he.
Was Cy.
He preached the sunshine, lived it, too; In storms he proved it ever true; His gospel seemed to be to try To make things good for me and you— Old Cy.

He wasn't high-browed, not a bit; Ross from a humble task to one Reversed by all men; he had done His work, nor e'er complained a whit.
Had Cy.

And now he's dead! But still his smile Sweeps the horizon, and his friends Will bask within it till all ends, And reckon life indeed is worth while Through knowing Cy.
A. WALTER UTTING.
New York, April 7, 1914.

WOMEN AND TEMPERANCE

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I have just read in this morning's Tribune "Woman suffrage is a menace rather than an aid to the temperance movement," according to claims set forth in a statement issued to-day by the Washington headquarters of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

Every honest, enlightened person knows that men are temperate, about one hundred to one woman. Nearly all the patrons of the saloons are men; nearly all the drunkards are men; nearly all the sufferers from the results of intemperance are women.

No amount of statistics compiled by the enemies of women would ever convince, even those opposed to women voting, that women more than men stand for temperance in any state in this country or anywhere else.

At least give us something that some one can believe. HENRY VAN SANT.
New York, April 7, 1914.